

Deal with Yourself

by Hiccupisnotuseless

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Summary: Fishlegs discovers that he never have something to do with Berk. So, with many hard thoughts in the mind, he decided to do something to shed some light on everything. And this will bring him to discover something really unexpected and sinister. Rated T for violent parts and bad words.

1. Chapter 1

****Hello everyone, Hiccupisnotuseless say hello to all the Htttyd fans! I am always happy to write new stories, and that people likes to be delighted by them. ****

****I'm always happy also to have new ideas to transform in ideas for my stories! I absolutely hope to be a very good writer, since I want to write also in my future life. ****

****At the moment, I have the possibility to exercise, writing stories about one of the most incredible movies of ever: How to Train Your Dragon! One of the few very good animated movies of ever! The first I ever seen that seemed to realistic (except for dragons) and dramatic! I have never expected this from a cartoon! ****

****And now, I am here to present to you my new story, set in this wonderful Movie!****

****I have noticed something: rarely someone wrote a story about Fishlegs. I mean, a story where Fishlegs was the principal and most important character. The stories with him so are prevalently those about him and Ruffnut.****

****So, I decided a long time ago to find a way to write a story where he could be the principal character, but not a love story or an adventure story. I have nothing against romance (even if I am a boy, but since Romance is a very important thing for human beings) or adventure, but I wanted something more deep and powerful.****

**So, today, this idea came in my mind. I hope this will be a story that anyone could like. I hope. **

I wanted to thank all the readers and possible reviewers for this story, especially because this could mean a lot for the language I'm using! Yes, because I'm not an English or American **boy. No, I'm from Italy! A great place, rich of great monuments and beautiful cities, mountains, seas, and so ...**

Now, sorry if I got too long with these things, and let's start with this new and (possibly) great story!

"Come on, bud! I almost did it!", Hiccup exclaimed.

The one legged boy was on the edge of a stair, a very long staircase, with half of his body stuck in a large shelf in Gobber's house.

His long arms where trying to reach something behind some papers, but it was against the wooden border of the shelf.

Under it, Toothless was staring at his friend, or rather, at his friends' legs that were swinging from the shelf. The night Fury rolled the eyes and turned away.

"Come on, come here! I almost ... I got it!"

The Haddock boy exulted happily and then started to climb down the staircase, with a big amount of paper in his hands.

"There it is! Finally I can know it, bud. Let's go to watch it at our home, ok?"

The Night Fury stood up and yawned, making Hiccup frowning in boredom.

"You know, sometimes you are really similar to Astrid. That reaction is absolutely the SAME of her!"

And shaking his head, the boy exited from the house, followed by Toothless.

"Come in!", Hiccup called from the table.

The door opened and a sturdy, blond and smiling boy entered in the Chief's house.

"Hi, Hiccup! It's me!"

Hiccup looked at him, and returned the smile, saying:-"Ehy, Fish! Come in, come in!"

"I've already did it, Hic.", Fish said chuckling.

"Oh, right! Well, come here then! Take a seat here!"

The big boy walked towards him, but suddenly jumped a bit when he felt something pressed against his hand.

The husky boy turned slowly towards it, and saw Toothless staring at him as he always did to wave a friend.

"Oh, it's you, bud! How are you?", the blond boy asked relieved.

Toothless moaned in response, blinking twice his green eyes.

Fishlegs smiled again, and then took a seat at the table with Hiccup.

"So, your message said clearly you took them! Are ... these?", the intelligent boy asked.

"You can bet your helmet!", Hic said smirking mischievously.

Fish's eyes became bigger as his smile, as the two boys focused more on the papers Hiccup took.

"I wanted so much read this!", Fishlegs said excitedly.

"And now you can, my friend! Here we have, just for us ...", Hiccup started, causing Fishlegs to be more excited now.

"... the complete list of ALL the Berkians' family trees!"

"I never believed Berk's families could be so big!", Fish said taking one of the papers in his hands.

"And remember how many famous and important people they have!"

"Berk is one of the many islands with the biggest families in the Archipelago. Look how many names in the Jaderg family!", Fish said taking a paper long as a snake and with a

"Especially your family, Hiccup! Well, the Haddock's ruled Berk since ... well, it is not so much time!", the husky boy said.

"Yeah, my great - great - great - great -grandfather ruled Berk for forty years, and he was one of the longest Chiefs of the Island!"

"Where is your family tree, Hic?", fish asked looking interested at the papers.

"I left it in Gobber's house. Sorry, but since I was born my father learnt me to know ALL the members of my family. ALL!", Hic said.

Fish looked at him a bit disappointed, but then nodded.

"I can understand. Actually, all the Berkians must know at least the most important members of their families."

"Yeah, and if I should tell you ALL the members of my family, you should stay here for a week!", Hic said chuckling.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah, it's true! But you know, except for a few members, I don't know so much my family members."

"Really? Didn't your parents say to you to learn them?"

"They said me that maybe I could do it when I'd be older, so that I could memorize them better. At least, they said so."

"Lucky you!", Hic said sighing.

"Also the others doesn't know so much their families. Except for the twins and you, me, Snot and Astrid don't know so much about their families."

"Well, I can see the why. Look how many Jorgensons are here!", Hic said, handing him the paper about Snotlout's family.

Fishlegs took it and gave it a look.

"Yes, definitely hard memorize ALL of these relatives. Except for the most important, of course. Like this, Snotpearl Jorgenson, the first Jorgenson woman to sail all the Archipelago without anyone with her."

"Yes, I heard of her. A Viking through ad through, like every Jorgenson must be."

"And look at the Thorstons! They're almost like a giant tuna's shoal! And here I read they are the second pair of twins in their family."

"Who were the first?"

"Their great-grandmother; Eelneck Thorston. She had a twin sister, Snapeneck Thorston."

"Oh. It's a great gift having twins for a Viking family, you know it?"

"Yep. And in Berk twins were actually frequent. The Rockstone Clan had three times twins in the family."

"Wow! And look how many important people in the Svenson family! Rarg Svenson, the one who ended the first war against the Berserkers!", Fish exclaimed.

"And Edda Grasshorn, the one who save all the Island thanks to three long nights spent in finding a cure for everyone, included herself!"

The two boys were amazed like when they spent almost half of the day studying the Dragon species and their characteristics.

And in this moment they could say they were doing something similar, since they were studying the various exponents of their own specie, the humans.

And actually their thirst for knowledge was skyrocketing, and the two were "eating" the various names and great acts with great interest.

At least, after reading about ten or twelve families' important members, they decided to read about the families they knew better.

"Hiccup, I think you should read about this; I bet you are the only who could read it really ... carefully!", Fishlegs said looking mischievously at his friend.

Hiccup took the paper confused, and when he read about which family it was, he chuckled "amused", saying with his characteristic sarcasm: - "Thanks Fishlegs, you're perfectly right!"

Fish chuckled at him, and searched for a particular paper, while Hiccup started to read about the ... Hofferson family tree.

Finally Fishlegs found the paper he was searching for, and took it really happily.

"The Ingerman family tree ... look how big is it! It's incredible looking how many people there's in it! Look, my great - great - great uncle Hornhand, who died honourably saving those people trapped in the Great Hall during that fire!"

Hic nodded, while he was keeping to read about Astrid's family.

"It's incredible that after a lot of time they must REWRITE the entire family tree to add their kids!

These papers date back to when we were just infants!", Hiccup said.

Fish nodded still happily, and then kept to look at the paper.

His little eyes looked down, memorizing word to word, reading which Vikings were or have been part of his family, looking totally amazed.

For him it wasn't important who was a famous warrior or a great explorer; for him every single member of the Ingerman Clan was important for him.

He looked so excitedly.

"I'm still happy I helped Astrid to reveal her uncle Finn was really "Fearless". He was so proud and a perfect example of courage and honour for all the Berkians.", Hiccup said, and looked at his friend.

But he soon noticed Fishlegs didn't have the interested and excited look on his face anymore.

Instead, his eyes were almost widened, and his mouth was half-opened.

Hiccup looked confused at him, and then said: - "Is everything ok, Fishlegs?"

The husky boy didn't look at him, but kept to have that strange expression on his face, while his fingers seemed to start to tremble.

"Fishlegs?"

The husky boy shook his head, and then stood up, walking towards the door.

"Ehy! Fish, is everything ok?"

"Oh, sorry Hic. It's just I found something here ... I have to see who wrote this."

"It was Grassleg. Why do you have to see him?"

"I have to see him, Hic. Sorry, I'll tell it to you later."

And with that, the husky boy exited from the door, leaving a still confused Hiccup and a surprised Toothless looking at him without knowing what actually was just happened.

* * *

><p>"Oh, Fishlegs! What are you doing here?", Blackfist Rockstone asked seeing the Ingerman heir in front of his house.<p>

"Good morning, sir. I came because I need your help for something."

"What do you need, lad?"

Fish took a scroll from the pile he had.

"Hiccup and I were learning about the Berkians' family trees. You know, just to be more prepared. What I needed to know is ... could you take a look to this? It's your family tree."

Blackfist took the scroll confused, and looked at it.

After a few minutes, he handed it back to Fishlegs, and said:-"I saw. Then? I already know my family tree, Viking for Viking."

"Yes, I understand. What I needed to know is ... are you sure this scroll is correct? Are all the Rockstones signed on it?"

Blackfist looked at the boy dumbfounded, and then a dark look appeared on his face.

"What are you saying, boy? Are you saying something against my family? Are you saying this?!"

Fishlegs looked scared at him, and then said:-"No! No, sir, absolutely!"

Blackfist frowned terribly, and then slammed the door, murmuring some insults and at the Ingerman boy, who walked away fastily.

"So I'd like to know this, Mrs. Larson.", Fishlegs said looking at the blond and sturdy woman with her hair braided like Astrid's.

The woman looked at him blinking twice, and then a grin like Blackfist's appeared on her face.

Fish gulped again, and ran away hurriedly.

"You came here to ask me this, boy?"

"Yes, sir. I just want to know this.", Fishlegs said sheepishly.

"Why?"

"Because I think that maybe there could be an error. Just a little error, it's important."

"You want to know if in MY family is there an error about one member?"

Fish gulped and nodded slowly.

Too late he realized he was going to have many big and terrible troubles, making a question like this to HIM.

"You know what I think? I think you are asking me this because you WANT to find a way to have my family ruined! It's this what you want, Fishlegs? It's this?"

Fish's eyes blinked worriedly at him.

"HOW DO YOU DARE TO COME HERE AND ASK ME SOMETHING LIKE THIS, YOU DISRESPECTFUL, IGNORANT, RECKLESS BOY! HOW DO YOU DARE?!", Spitelout yelled terribly.

Fishlegs moaned terribly, and started to stay back, hiding his face behind the scrolls, looking fearfully at the bigger and furious Viking in front of him.

Spitelout huffed like a raging bull, and made a step in front of him.

Fishlegs' eyes widened more, and soon the boy ran away yelling scared like a yak chased by a Nightmare.

****Why is Fishlegs so intrigued about the Berkians' family trees? Read the second chapter!****

2. Chapter 2

Hiccup, Astrid and Toothless walked on the street talking between them.

The boy was really confused from what he has seen before at his home.

"And he exited without explain anything. Why?"

Astrid looked at him, and then said:-"You know how Fishlegs acts when he read about something really interesting or particular, Hic."

"Yes, but this time he seemed really shocked. Not when he read about the Changewings or when we found the Skrill.

He seemed almost white, as if he found a terrible notice."

"You said you two were reading about Berk's family trees. Maybe he found something wrong about his. Or one of them."

Hiccup looked away with a but worried look.

Suddenly the two heard a loud noise of angry voices coming from the docks zone.

Looking at each other confused, the two walked towards the origin of the noise.

After a bit, they saw a big crowd of Vikings in front of the Ingerman house, waving the fists and yelling furiously.

"Ehy, Tuffnut!", Hic yelled seeing his friend staring at the crowd.

The male twin looked at him, and said:-"Ehy guys!"

"What's happening here?", Astrid asked.

"I don't know, but the adults seem really upset for something! I haven't seen a furious crowd like this in front of a house since that time Ruff and I destroyed the Great Hall during that storm!", the male twin said happily.

Hiccup and Astrid looked confused.

"And this time I didn't do anything! The one in troubles is ... you cannot believe who is! I mean, at the beginning I didn't believe it, it was so strange, and he is a so a good boy ...

Ok, I won't lie, I was so happy he was in troubles! For the first time, HE is in troubles! Big troubles! I cannot know, probably I'll cry ... for the joy, I mean ..."

Hiccup and Astrid preferred ignore the "joyful" speech of the blond boy, and approached the crowd.

On the threshold, stood the large Ingerman leader, looking sternly at the yelling Vikings, especially the one who apparently headed the crowd, Spitelout.

"Ingerman, we want everything solved!", the Jorgenson leader exclaimed irritated.

"So I want! Then, why don't you try to shut up, and to solve it normally?"

"We cannot stand this, Ingerman! Your son is doing something really strange and offensive! We cannot let this happen!"

"My son didn't do anything!"

"No, he did instead! He dared to offend the family of most of the villagers! Should we suggest you are plotting to shame us, Ingerman?", Spitelout asked hideously.

The eyes of the Ingerman leader widened in shock, and then his stern look grew, and he said:-"How do you dare?!"

"How do YOU dare!", Spitelout said again.

The two Vikings starred at each other sternly, when a voice called their attention.

"EHY, EHY! STOP, BUNCH OF IDIOTS!"

The crowd turned behind, and saw Hiccup and Astrid staring at them confused.

"I called you, Idiots!"

Everyone looked better, and they saw Gobber looking at them sternly.

"I don't know what happened here, but EVERYONE knows these problems need to be solved in the Great Hall, with the Chief! So, now, go and do this!"

Everyone looked at each other, and then all the crowd headed for the Great Hall.

* * *

><p>"Ok, ok, now let's see! Almost all the villagers accused Ingerman of plotting against the families of Berk. Is this true?", Stoick asked looking seriously at everyone.<p>

"Yes! It's true Stoick! He's plotting something!"

The Ingerman leader looked at them sternly, and said:-"I have anything against the other families of Berk! This is absurd!"

"Shut up you!", Spitelout yelled angrily.

"SHUT UP EVERYONE! Now, Verna, could you explain us, POSSIBLY calmly, what happened?"

The said woman, a tall, sturdy brown haired woman with long straight hair and a two horned helmet, stood in front of the crowd of Vikings and started to explain:-"All this started because the young Ingerman heir, Fishlegs, came to our houses this morning, showing us scrolls with the family tree of every Berkian family. And then he asked us if there was anything wrong about them. For this, Stoick, we got furious as Monstrous Nightmares!"

Stoick looked at her surprised, and then nodded in understanding.

For Vikings, especially for some tribes like the Hooligans, the family was one of the most important things of ever.

And making some questions about it like Fishlegs did, could mean something really displeased.

Yes, because the family could think the questioner wanted to find out something about the family to throw a negative light on them. And

this could mark the start of some processes, that could end even with the banishment of someone, sometimes even of the entire family.

"We think that the young Ingerman was sent by his family to ask that to us!", Spitelout said, looking hideously at Ingerman, who replied angrily.

"I didn't do anything! I have anything ..."

"STOP! Now, your boy did something really serious, Ingerman. But you say you have anything to do with this."

Ingerman nodded firmly. "I assure you it, Stoick!"

The Chief looked at him carefully, and at least said:-"Then, we have to deal this with the boy. For this, I call Fishlegs here to explain us everything!"

The Vikings in the Hall approved firmly.

Stoick beckoned at the Ingerman leader, who nodded, and exited from the Hall, under the still serious gaze of everyone, without looking at his fellow villagers.

* * *

><p>"Fishlegs!", the Ingerman leader exclaimed entering in his house.<p>

No answer from his son. The tall and large Viking huffed, and called again the boy.

But again, nobody showed up.

The intelligent Dragon Rider was actually in his room, on his bed, unmoving.

Neither when his father opened roughly the door, he moved.

"Fishlegs! What the heck are you doing? And what the heck you did, I have to say!"

Fishlegs didn't do anything.

"What are you doing? Out the bed, NOW! I'm not joking, you made one of the worst errors of our family, boy! What were you thinking?! I cannot believe YOU cause all of this! You're not such a troublemaker, but you managed to get ALMOST ALL of the village against us! Boy, answer me!"

"Why didn't you tell me it?"

The Ingerman leader blinked the eyes confused and looked at his son.

"What?"

"Why? Why didn't you tell me it?"

Ingerman blinked again.

"Why do you think I came to all the villagers to ask that? Why do you think I came so? I did this just because YOU and YOUR WIFE didn't tell me anything ... never.", the fat boy said looking at the older man.

The adult didn't know what his boy was babbling about.

"Fishlegs, why are you saying these strange things to me?"

"Try to figure out it. You know it. I asked those things for one reason."

The adult still didn't know what to say.

"Boy, I ..."

"I asked it for one clear reason.", the boy replied, looking seriously at the older man. The first time he did it to a person like his father.

"I asked about family trees for one clear reason."

Ingerman looked confused, when suddenly something came in his mind. Something he wasn't so convinced about, though.

"It took me just to look better at those scrolls. I couldn't believe it, I could never believe it. But then, I understood it was true.

Ingerman suddenly felt something hard, something hitting terribly his thoughts.

And he felt a sinister and trembling shiver against his back.

"Why? Why couldn't you tell me this? Why keeping this just for you and MOM! Why?"

Ingerman couldn't know what to think or say.

He felt like his heart was going to stop.

He didn't know if he had to say something. But that terrible feeling kept to hit him hardly.

"Suddenly I discovered this! Why couldn't you tell me it before?!"

Ingerman looked still concerned at the boy, as if he was going to fell on the ground petrified.

But at least he managed to remove those thoughts for a while, and sighed terribly. And so he approached his boy.

"I couldn't believe you could do this, Fish."

"You started this, sadly.", the boy replied.

"You wanna really know it?"

Fish didn't notice it, but a little tear was escaped from the adult's eye.

* * *

><p>Hiccup, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Snotlout, Astrid and Toothless were on the stairs of the Hall, looking worriedly at the ground.<p>

It was an hour since Mr. Ingerman went to his home to take their husky friend to Stoick. And everyone didn't know what to think about the entire situation.

When Hiccup told everything to them, they couldn't believe it was true.

Hiccup was the most worried of all. He as never seen Fishlegs so. He knew it too well, and he could say there was something really worrying about the Ingerman boy.

Suddenly, Snotlout said:-"He's there!"

He pointed at the street, and everyone looked there, and saw Fishlegs and his father walking alongside each other towards the Hall.

Hic stood up and looked at his husky friend, he didn't see anything that could tell him something.

The teens and the Night Fury watched the two Ingermans walking the stairs, and then disappear behind the door of the Hall.

Half an hour later, finally Fishlegs exited from the Hall, looking at the ground.

"Fish!", Astrid said, and the boy looked up, seeing all his friends and Toothless walking towards him worried.

He sighed, and Hiccup asked:-"Fish ... tell us id we can help you. What happened? Why all this happened?"

Fish looked again, and then sighed again. And from his eyes little tears started to appear and slide against his cheeks.

"Guys ... I've discovered ... I'm not and I never been an Hooligan Viking!"

Oh Fishlegs! So he discovered Berk has never been his real home ...

What will be the truth?

Hope you liked it, and sorry if these first two chapters annoyed you. And sorry if this was short.

Advices about language are really accepted!

Thanks again, you're great!

Hiccupisnotuseless

3. Chapter 3

****I'm back. I wanted to thank all the reviewers for the first two chapters!****

**** 99: **** Happy to hear you again, dear Dark! I am so happy you liked this story! I think you could like also this chapter!

****A sorry Guest: ****Un altro italiano?! E' il secondo che "incontro" su questo sito! Sono tanto felice e sorpreso che tu abbia trovato la mia storia! Spero ti stia piacendo.

****Midnightsky0612: ****Shocking, right? Hope you'll like this.

Hiccup couldn't look up; he and the others were completely shocked from what they have just heard.

Fishlegs wasn't a Berkian. They could think he was wrong, but his hurt look showed sincerely the truth in his words.

The teens couldn't say or think in any way something to him. It was the first time they had to deal with something like this.

The notice has made them surprised like they have never been.

When they entered in the Hall, they saw all the Vikings looking at each other and talking with each other, a not so furious look on their faces now.

Instead, there were sorry, worried and shameful expressions.

Obviously also them where shocked by what they had heard before; nobody could imagine something like this in their Island.

The teens looked terribly at them, and then walked where Stoick and other few Vikings were talking.

When they reached them, Gobber noticed the group of teens and with a sigh said:-"Hi, lads."

This made all the adults turn to them, and Hiccup could notice the guilty look on every of them.

And this made him feel sadder, he couldn't know the why.

"Dad? Is it true?", Snotlout asked looking at his father.

Spitelout looked at his son, a sincere sorry look on his face. Rarely someone has seen Spitelout Jorgenson so. He was one of the hardest Viking of the Island, but he was also a proud man and a loyal friend to all the Vikings of his Island. He could easily admit his errors, even if people didn't consider this true.

"Yes, son. I fear it is true."

The teens nodded silently, still a sad expression on their face. Even on the twins'.

"But dad ... why didn't you tell anything? Why did you take this for yourself?", Hiccup asked after some minutes, looking at his father.

Stoick looked at him, and then lowered slowly the head towards the ground, sighing heavily.

"He didn't know it too, Hiccup. I didn't too.", Gobber said.

Hiccup looked at him surprised a lot, blinking his eyes astonished.

"How ... how can this be possible? I ... you're the chief! I thought you knew everything! I mean, if ..."

"Hiccup ... I didn't know anything. They hid this also from me."

All the teens looked more astonished now.

"Nobody knew this. I felt so ... just the Ingermans knew this. I ... felt so ignorant ... and so astonished like you. In my Island, I never thought I'd have to deal with something like this."

Everyone in the Hall looked more darkly now. How could this be possible?

"Now, lads, don't worry about yourself, you weren't adopted or so, really. But I never imagined this could be true ..."

That poor boy ... he was always a good Viking. Not that now he isn't a good Viking anymore, but ... you know, when you're in a situation like this, you have to deal with things worst than this."

Hiccup looked at Gobber with a bit widened eyes.

He knew what his mentor meant: Vikings without a family could be considered banished people, or dishonoured, and so this could get the things really hard for that Viking. People could start to watch him in a different way, and to think he could have done something terrible to be so.

Vikings were strange people, and this meant they could do anything.

"We all know Fishlegs. Even if he passed this, I don't think he should be blame for something. He has just born out this Island. Now, what we have to do is just stay near him and try to do something."

Hic ... you know him very well, try to figure out something, and to see if he needs anything. It's really important to him, so try to not make him too agitated."

Hiccup nodded to his father in understanding, and then, after a quick look to all the other Vikings, sighed and started to walk towards the exit of the Hall, thinking a lot of various things in his mind.

Astrid and Snotlout moved to follow him, when they felt hands stopping them by grabbing their arms.

The two turned behind and saw their fathers taking their arms gently and shaking sadly their heads.

"But Dad, Fish is also our friend ...", Astrid started, but her father interrupted her soon.

"No, Astrid. Hiccup is more than enough."

"But I've always helped Fishlegs, he trusts in me!"

"I wanna help too, Dad! I don't want to see Fish so sad!", Snotlout said proudly to his father.

"Son, Hiccup has to do this alone. Too many people could make him more upset, and Hiccup is good to deal with people ... most of the time."

Astrid and Lout looked at them confused, and Ruffnut decided to intervene.

"Mom, we know we're not the smartest, but Fishlegs is a so sensible guy ..."

"... he likes our company! Friends need friends! And he is one of the guys who needs friends more!", her twin brother finished.

It was one of the rare times Tuffnut showed to be a responsible boy. But sadly, this time Stoick didn't give any permission.

"I'm sorry. But right now, you cannot go. Later, you'll be free to offer all the help you want. For now, we can count just on Hiccup. It's better so."

The teens tried to say something, but at least they couldn't do anything else. They stood there, sighing sadly and thinking worriedly about their great friend.

* * *

><p>Hiccup knocked at the Ingerman door; but nobody answered. As he had rightfully thought.<p>

So he took the key of the door, who Mr. Ingerman gave to him, and slowly entered in the house.

The thin boy looked around him, when suddenly a loud and heartrending yell came from one of the rooms.

Hiccup gulped, and slowly approached the stairs. So he walked upstairs, unsure and confused from what he heard.

When he reached the floor on the stairs, he walked through the corridor, until he arrived in front of an uncharacteristic and unexpected vision.

Against the door, moaning painfully and with tears falling constantly from the eyes, her figure slowly slipping against the rough door, there was Fishlegs' mother.

Now, adoptive mother.

Hiccup stared at the suffering woman like he was a statue, totally unsure and dumbfounded from what he was seen. Never he has seen that woman, one of the kindest and sweetest of the village, even if also one of the

The woman kept to sniffle terribly, tears not stopping to slip against her red cheeks.

Hiccup stood there, his heart totally hit from that view, and inside him he started to feel something hard and heart wrenching, similar to what the woman was feeling in that moment.

The big woman sniffled again hardly, and Hiccup clinched his teeth, unable to avoid the bad feeling inside him.

In that moment, the woman opened slowly her red eyes, and looked at the wooden door, rubbing it with his hand.

Her eyes seemed the eyes of a begging person, and it was as if she was begging the door for something.

Hiccup knew she was pleading the one inside the room, with all her broken heart.

She was so red on her face and so desperate that seemed that she was pleading now the same door, begging it to open by itself.

Suddenly behind the door he heard a noise, and then he saw the woman pressing her ear against it.

He didn't know what he would give just to hear what his friend was saying.

But after some minutes, he saw the poor woman crying again, taking the head away from the door and lowering the head hiding it in her hands, moans of desperation in the air.

Hiccup would like to know more; besides, his thoughts became again more and more terrible than before ...

Not wanting to show his desperation, he sighed again and felt water also in his own eyes, alongside the sensation of his heart broken.

He moved his metal prosthetic towards the woman.

The little metal creaking of his leg made the woman turn hurriedly behind her with a sudden gasp.

The widened red eyes of the Ingerman Lady saw the thin, intelligent and amazing heir of Berk staring at her with an almost heartbroken expression.

Mrs. Ingerman stood at her place, staring at the boy with that agonizing look; Hiccup tried to say something, but his lips moved without any noise.

And after two seconds, he found himself tightened hardly by the

woman's arms, and his shoulder all wet by the tears.

Hiccup closed the eyes, letting what was right to do. He knew perfectly how the woman had to act now, after that terrible event.

"Hiccup, dear boy! ... I ... thanks! Thanks!"

Hiccup gently moved away from her tight, and putting his reassuring hands on the arms of the woman, said:-"Mrs. Ingerman ... I'd want to try it ... I want to do it for him ... I'd want to enter, please."

Mrs Ingerman looked at him with her read eyes, that made Hiccup feel that feeling again.

He could stand that sight, but he wasn't the type of boy who didn't offer support to anyone who needed it.

Besides those red eyes meant also something other: they were the same pleading eyes he saw earlier. And now, they were focused on him.

"Hiccup ... help him!", the woman asked with a croak in her throat.

Hiccup nodded sincerely, and then walked towards the door, ready to enter.

When Hiccup entered in the room, he took a deep breath. Then, looked up, and saw ... scrolls on the ground, unrolled scrolls on the floor, like a papered sea.

The boy moved between them, until he arrived nearer the wooden bed on which was laying the poor and shocked teen.

Right now he wasn't so shocked, in fact he hadn't the expression he had this morning, or the one he surely had when he did all that chaos in his room.

The big teen was unmoving, and Hiccup couldn't tell if he was staring at the ceiling or simply he was laying on that bed.

Hic looked at him terribly, not knowing how to act.

He tried to think about something to do while he was walking to Fish's home. But he couldn't really know what to do now.

He couldn't know how to act; this thing was making him so unsure of everything.

He was surely shocked; not as Fishlegs, of course, since he couldn't describe how terrible could be his situation.

But he wasn't either shocked as the other teens. He felt more hit, because he was one of the nearest people to Fishlegs. Maybe the only one.

If he could tell it, he could say without any doubt that Fishlegs was the one nearer to him as a great friend.

"Ehy, Fish ... Fishlegs ..."

The fat boy didn't move or tell something. He was motionless, like a mummy.

Hiccup approached more his bed, and then sat on the edge.

The sight of his friend was making him more uncomfortable.

He almost gulped, when he heard the weak and sad voice of Fishlegs.

"Could you imagine this? ... Being so?"

Hiccup stared at him without knowing what to say.

"Did you think I could be so? Could you ever think I was ... was so? ... I still cannot believe this."

Hiccup felt tears again.

"I have always been joked by others because they said I wasn't a Viking. Since I liked things like books, dragons ... they joked on me for being so Un-Viking. But now I see it is true ... It IS true."

Hiccup sighed again, and fighting his tears tried to say something rightful:-"Fish ... You ... You never been an Un-Viking. People always considered you part of the community ... They never said you were so ... you're not Un-Viking. You're just"

He stopped. He knew he could make things worse, if he kept.

But right now, things were done.

"I'm just not Berkian. I know this, Hic. But what I cannot know is ... why. Why was I so ... deceived. Why couldn't I know anything. I can understand when I was six, but now I'm almost eighteen! I had to ... to ..."

"Oh, Fish! I ... damn it, I don't ... I didn't want this!"

Fishlegs sat up, but didn't look at his friend. He turned towards his window, and breathed slowly.

"I never told anything about anyone. I didn't want to hurt anyone ... I had to do this. I ... I was so sure of almost everything in this world ... and now ... "

He sighed again terribly. His eyes looking at the ground, his small feet swinging and his hands put on his arms.

He didn't know anything to make him feel better. He felt like he was

Hiccup couldn't tell anything to his friend. He knew terribly he was like the most hurt and saddest person, and that right now he needed some time for himself.

But this was making the Haddock boy so depressed and so furious.

But right now, he needed to help it.

So, slowly, the Haddock teen stood up, and walked towards the door.

While he was walking, he thought he didn't want this; he didn't want to leave him alone. He didn't want leave HIM alone, knowing him from a lot.

"Listen ... my father ... he wants to see you. In an half and hour. He says ..."

"I know. I'll be there.", he replied.

Hiccup gave him a last glance, and then walked away, even if he knew he was leaving his friend being slowly killed.

He was being killed slowly inside him like by a slow dagger. A dagger long as the years he waited to know the truth.

Sad chapter. Sure you didn't expect Hiccup being very sad here. But since he is very affectionate to Fish, is natural he wanted so.

**Besides, I'll show what Fishlegs is feeling in the next chapters, from the fifth. **

Hope you're liking this, Thanks again for the reading, Thanks!

**Advices are really accepted! **

Hiccupisnotuseless

Why is Fishlegs so intrigued about the Berkians' family trees? Read the second chapter!

4. Chapter 4

I have to ask you something REALLY important: do you think Fish's story is too similar to Hiccup's? I mean, I do not want him doing like Hic, or rather finding his mother or father after years.

Please, tell me if you think this is TOO similar! To write this story I was inspired by the books of Cressida Cowell (even if I Hate them!)

Please, tell me.

Thanks again, hope you're liking this. I love you all.

Now, Happy Reading, and try to not cry a lot, eh eh!

**I DO NOT OWN Htttyd! It belongs to Cressida Cowell and DreamWorks (except for my OCs,

obviously).**

Sincerely,

Hiccupisnotuseless

The next morning, a morning that could pass for one of the numerous and common mornings of Berk, the entire village was again in the Hall, and still was concerned.

The notice has made all the Villagers worried and curious.

Everyone wanted to know more, especially about the poor and sad boy.

All the village knew very well a boy like Fishlegs. And everyone was so concerned for this.

Of all the people in their village, Fishlegs was most unexpected for things like this.

Since when he was little, he showed many things a Viking usually didn't have.

At the beginning everyone was surprised to see this child reading, instead swinging an axe or fight with his little friends.

His love for almost everything in the world made them feel a bit strange around him.

But this didn't make them see him in a strange way.

His intelligence was estimated from everyone, and even if Vikings weren't the most acculturated people in the world, they could recognize the importance of it.

He could be useful to everyone about almost everything, from animals to plants, from ships to houses, from Berkians to stranger People. And this showed them how a Viking could be powerful thanks to this.

And after the war with the dragons, he revealed to be almost the most important person in the Academy, after the leader, of course.

He resolved many of the problems about dragons, helping the Island in various occasions.

Thanks to him, Change-Wings didn't destroy Berk, and people could use the powerful Gronckle Iron for most of their weapons.

He also revealed himself useful to his friends, staying besides them in many occasions, especially in dangerous times, like when they faced Alvin and his Outcasts when they kidnapped Hiccup, or when all the teens fought the Red Death.

He was a Viking through and through, and Berk was proud to have a boy like him.

But now, this fantastic boy wasn't a Hooligan anymore. He came from another place.

How could they imagine this.

And now, many questions were in everyone's minds, and the noise of all the words that came out of the Vikings' mouth echoed in the place.

Everyone couldn't say how the boy felt ... but they knew he couldn't feel really well.

Yes, sadly Vikings didn't manage to be more deep in their thoughts. At least, most of them.

Behind one of the pillars, stood a Viking with a lot of deeper thoughts.

Thoughts that made him hurt, sad, angry, confused ... that made him making shame on all his life.

Mr. Ingerman.

He was sweating, his strong hands wetlands and slippery, wanting to wake up from his sleep.

But he wasn't sleeping, he was there, having to do his duty as a Viking ... and as a father.

Now he was ready for what he was going to do. Ready to do what was necessary for everyone ... to understand it.

"Now ... all you know why we are here reunited. You all know we discovered something that is making us really intrigued and confused. Something we'd never think could be on his Island for all this time.

And now ... we are here to know everything. We are here to know the truth. And for this, I ask everyone to shut up ... I repeat, to shut up for all the necessary time. And then, we could work on it better."

The Chief looked at everyone, making sure everyone had heard his words.

But he felt he had to repeat it. "I repeat it for the last time. Dont' talk, whisper, hiss o do anything like this tha could interrupt us. Was I clear?"

He looked again at his fellowmen, and then nodded firmly.

So, he turned to the Ingerman leader, and nodded again to him, saying the waited words.

"Ingerman ... explain us everything."

The said Viking breathed heavily, and after a last glance to his wife, walked towards the centre of the Hall, to explain to everyone the waited tale.

"Ok ... I'm going to explain ... to explain everything. But please, I ask you to forgive me, if what I'll go to tell ... will make me ...

make me a bit ..."

The man stopped to talk, and blinked twice, very little tears on the edge of his eyes.

"I ... I'll start with saying ... I'm not afraid from saying this, but I was for all the years I passed hiding this from you.

From my fellowmen, from my friends, from my ... my boy.", he said, sighing.

The eyes of a lot of people focused on Fishlegs.

The boy was near the one of the pillars, a waiting and tearful look on his eyes.

His friends looked at him sad, and the other Vikings decided to turn away, to not make the boy more agitated.

Some of the Vikings didn't do it, and for this received a stern look from others, like Spitelout, Gobber, Mrs. Larson ... and Hiccup.

Ingerman sighed again, and then looked behind him, towards the crying and heartbroken woman who was his wife.

She let tears again, and nodded terribly, closing then the eyes and stifling a moan.

Ingerman sighed again, and then turned to again, and started, finally, the real story of Fishlegs.

"As you know, my wife and I were married from a long time. For ten years, we lived our life without any problem. Happily married, a new life, a good work, any problem with the community.

We're friends with everyone, rarely we had big problems; but nothing was so terrible.

We also had frequent visits from our relatives. You all know mine is a large family, with many exponents in more than one Island.

And for this, all this started.

* * *

><p>Flashback

I stood there, on the sand, near my house. It was a classic day.

I've woken up like always, my wife made me breakfast, and then I came to make my work.

Yes ... a very classic day on my Island. Nothing wrong, nothing different. Maybe just the breakfast, but anything different.

I exited, breathed the fresh air of the early morning, and then I went normally behind my house, on the shore, to make what I always do.

I jumped on my boat, put all the tools of the trade on it. And then I started to untie the knot of the rope.

And so, the boat slipped on the water, and I started to prepare to do my work.

When I turned to the sea, I saw it ...

_I rarely seen another boat on the sea, sailing on the part of the Island where I live. _

I thought it was another boat of fishermen, and I tried to see if there was anyone there.

But since I couldn't see who was on that boat, I called them to see if anything was ok.

But nobody answered. I waited, and then I retried to call.

But again, nobody answered my call.

_I tried to see something other, but still anything. _

So I decided to see if they needed my help, and I started to approach it.

After some seconds, finally someone appeared on the other boat.

I tried to see better who he could be, and watching carefully I noticed it was a man.

A big man, tall almost as me. He was wearing a ... i can say it was an armour, a black armour, as a little helmet with little horizontal horns.

He had blond hair. Blond short hair, shorter than mine, and he had a fur beard.

I came nearer, and I tried to call him.

But before I could say something, he watched me and ... he seemed like he had seen ... someone he really wanted to see.

He was like he was going to jump for the joy, and then he was handing with the sailing.

I was really confused. But as I approached more the boat, I started to see that he was ... he was more familiar, a lot.

We approached more, and I saw finally that I was right. He was familiar. He was really familiar ... because he was one of my older and dearest cousins.

Yes ... he was him.

And when our boats touched, I felt like I was collapsing.

I haven't seen him from a long time.. It was almost ... I don't know ... four, five years.

It was like ... I didn't expect this.

_I watched him ... he hasn't changed so much ... _

But I couldn't say anything neither now that I had recognized him, because he yelled with a strange light in the eyes.

"My dearest! It's you!"

"Cousin! I ... I ..."

But what came after, I never believed ...

_"Here! Boat. Now!", he said, almost ordered. _

I looked confused, really confused.

But I saw him so agitated ...

He was looking in his boat, near the stern, as if he wanted to be sure something was ok.

But he was so alarmed ... I couldn't tell anything.

So I did what he said to me.

And when I jumped ... I couldn't say ... I couldn't ...

I've never been a so acculturated man, like ... like my ...

Anyway, I couldn't know that on that boat ... I should start another journey, even if I wans't going anywhere with it.

I followed him without saying anything.

When I reached him, I saw he was kneeled near something, and that was whispering something.

I stick out, trying to see ...

_But soon he showed me what I had to see ... _

My eyes almost fell on it ... I couldn't say anything. I felt so surprised.

I rushed immediately where he was, to see if there was something wrong.

I couldn't expect something like that, ever. That is the last thing you can see on a boat.

She was there ... looking tired, agitated.

_Her widened eyes, her sweating temples ... _

Then she looked at me ... she was so ... weak.

_I felt like paralyzed from that sight. _

Then she breathed slowly, and smiled at me.

"Hi ..."

She murmured it so delicately, with that gentle smile. A smile ... I'd saw many times the following seventeen years.

I didn't say anything, I stood there like a fish, with the mouth opened without words.

And then ... I saw it clearly.

That black cot, that black moving cot ... how could I expect something like that ... how could I?!"

The Ingerman Leader stopped soon his telling, brushing his eyes with his fingers.

Fishlegs looked at him with ... a more desperate look on his face.

Ingerman brushed the tears, and then kept to tell.

An invisible hand was tightening his throat more now.

That so incredible sight ...

I looked at it without any look.

_Those little eyes ... were looking so ... they were so terrible. So terribly. _

He looked so natural in his mother's arms. As his eyes looked so ... I couldn't ...

_It was probably one of the most incredible sights I ever seen.

_

He was very sturdy to be a baby ... I could easily say he had like ... I don't know.

I thought he was probably bigger than all the teens there were on the Island.

His little moving hands were moving so lovely towards his mother's smiling face, as if he was trying to reach her.

She giggled sweetly, with her smile.

The baby was so innocent, in her arms, totally ignoring, as all the kids, what was around him.

There was just her mother caring face ... and his father's too.

My cousin was there, looking down to him, an hand on his wife's shoulders, whispering something, probably he was calming the baby, even if he was absolutely calm.

Then, after some minutes, he stood up, and turned towards me.

His reassuring face was now turned into a more terrible face, an uncertain expression.

But I knew I had to expect something very important for him.

"Take us to your house. Please, now!"

I didn't have the time to say anything, because he soon turned again to look at the woman and the infant.

So I jumped again on my boat, and slowly we came back to the shore.

When I docked, I came to help him with the woman, still laying in the boat.

I helped them hurriedly, and as she moved, the baby started to cry loudly, moving in her arms spinning his head around.

She shushed him sweetly, trying to make him calm.

We reached the door and we entered in my house.

As soon as I closed the door, my wife appeared from the kitchen, axe in her hand.

Probably she was thinking some stranger was entered.

When he saw me and the two ... three strangers, she looked so confused.

I said her to put the axe down.

After some minutes, we all were sat, totally anxious to ask and to hear.

My cousin looked down, and I could easily say he was almost desperate.

His wife was most like him, but we couldn't say this since she perfectly hid it due her sweet and reassuring face that was trying to calm down her sturdy baby.

My wife had the good idea to bring some food and water, but it didn't make anything better.

Those looks were so unnatural, they made us feel the darkest things.

What could you think, if you meet a man with a weak wife and a baby in a boat in the sea in that state?

I thought they were ...

Finally, he talked.

_"We came here for a very short time, and we cannot say much to you."

I beg you to not interrupt me, cousin."_

I was now so confused.

And he was so agitated.

Like a poet could say, I felt like the room was now more darker than before.

"We com- ... we com- ... we ... "

He couldn't talk, he couldn't even ... it was like he had a block of stone on his back, he seemed so exhausted.

He breathed slowly, he was like he had run for 1000 km without stopping.

He made a strange and soft noise, like a sigh.

His wife looked at him with a kind of shocked face; her mouth was opened like she was going to say something.

But then he rose slowly his head, and sighing softly reprised his telling:-"We come from a terrible hell, cousin. We escaped from a prison ... a prison without bars, but that soon would have bars.

We ... we were too ... it was too terrible to ... "

"What? What are you talking about?!", I finally asked.

"I ... I cannot explain more! We cannot do anything more now! We had to go stop it ... for him!"

And soon all our eyes focused on that little, sturdy baby with us, that was looking with his innocent and ignorant eyes at his mother's face.

I've never seen a scene like that in all my life.

In his calm, that little boy made us feel so sad and unsure of everything.

"We had to make him not pass it ... but we have to come back. We cannot do anything else. Now, our destiny is there. But his ... his is here, away from a lot of problems like ours."

We stared at him absolutely scared.

"But ... but ..."

"You need an heir ... and he a family and a tribe that can take care about him without big troubles.

Our problem is worst than you can imagine."

I wanted to yell something ... but I just stared there.

"Make him sure, take care of him with all the things you can give to him. Please, let him stay here. Let him be your son."

He was THEIR son! But I couldn't say it ...

"The hell is ready for us ... and you know we cannot escape from the hell. But this baby ... babies cannot be took in the hell. What could they do to go in it? ... He needs to have a life here!"

My wife was starting to tremble more and to sweat more now, but I just stared at my cousin with that expression.

His eyes were tired, and they were begging me. I could say whatever I wanted to say.

Nothing couldn't be changed now.

I stood there, looking normally now.

For them, that simple look, even if it meant more, was sufficient to understand I ... I had agreed.

So they stood up, and then walked in the room where we slept.

They closed the door gently, and stood there for something like twenty minutes.

And when they exited, they had the reddest faces of ever, as the tears fell more than before.

They walked towards the door, and opened it.

My wife and I were still astonished and totally petrified.

They looked at us as if they'd exit after two seconds.

But instead, my cousin's wife stood there, red as a tomato.

And between those heartbroken sighs, those so suffering moans, she murmured the last words I heard from her:-"Let ... let ... let my ... let my baby ..."

She interrupted due the tears.

But then rose the head again, and said:-" Let ... my little ... my little Fishlegs ...be happy!"

And with that they ran out of the door.

My wife and I heard suddenly a loud cry from our bedroom.

As if someone ordered it to us, we rushed in the bedroom.

He was there, crying on our bed, swinging his little arms more.

My wife approached him slowly, and finally she took him in her arms, sitting on the bed and gently cuddling him.

I turned behind, still breathing more terribly ... and I realized it more clearly.

Finally I had a son ... but to what price?

Was it a gift ... but for which motive?

What I could know right now ... was that I had a son to grow as mine, but to take him away from which destiny?

And which other kind of destiny could we offer to him?

Could we do it?

For now, we had to do this ... and we'd do it without regretting it ... for our new son.

The Hall looked all hit from that. More questions.

But also, more worries.

As anyone looked terribly at it, nobody has noticed that someone has exited from the Hall with his dragon by his side.

****So, this is the story of how Fishlegs became the heir of the Ingerman Clan. ****

****Hope it wasn't too sad, tell me everything you have to tell me in a review! Thanks a lot, keep so!****

****Advices about plot and language are really accepted!****

****Hiccupisnotuseless****

End
file.